A Microscopic Republic.

The smallest republic known is that of Tavolara, an island about eight miles distant from Sardinia. It has a population of fifty-five persons, all told. This domain was accorded in 1836 to the Bartoleoni family by King Charles Albert. King Paul I governed this microscopic kingdom for fifty years or more. He died in 1882, and then expressed the desire that thereafter his subjects should govern themselves. No pretender for the royal succession appearing, the inhabitants of Tavolara in 1863 proclaimed a Republic, which in the year following was duly recognized by the Italian Government. This Republic is governed by a President, who is elected for the term of six years. The constitution accords also to women the full right of suffrage

Cleveland patrons of the game are alarmed over the offers of Chicago and New York for four of Cleveland's best players. Chicago offers $10,000 for Young and Childs and New York the same sum for Burkett and McKean. Here is $20,000 to be had for four players.

THANK THE LOVELLS!

To Them More Than to Others Is Due the Fair Play Accorded to Wheelmen.

From the beginning of cycling in this country the makers have been its strongest bulwarks, and to them is due the credit for the proud position riders of the bicycle hold. To the members of the trade, therefore, we owe much, as it was their pluck and their money that have made for us our position.

COL. BENJ. S. LOVELL.

Among the men who early felt the benefits of cycling, and did not hesitate to expend money, is Colonel Ben. S. Lovell, of Boston, Treasurer of the John P. Lovell Arms Company, of that city. Their firm name has been a familiar one for over fifty years, having been established in 1840, doing a sporting goods and gun business. Being in a kindred trade, it was but natural that they should engage in the making and selling of bicycles. Their success has been unbounded, as they have made a name for the Lovell Diamond Cycles that is a familiar household one in every hamlet in the land. It is not possible to have done that without cost, and a considerable one, too, as readers of current literature will admit, for have not all of us encountered the symbolic words "Lovell Diamonds?" To estimate the gross amount that has been expended for advertising would be a difficult task, but it is said that considerably over $100,000 was spent by them during 1894. All the big Eastern dailies had entire pages, which cost lots of money, and the magazines filled many pages exploiting Lovell Diamond Cycles.

Can it be wondered at, then, that cycling has become popular, when men like Colonel Lovell spend such sums to make it so?

Colonel Lovell is Treasurer of the John P. Lovell Arms Company, and is a man of rare business attainments, acquired by long experience and an aptitude possessed by few. In private life he has won the respect and esteem of every one he has been brought in contact with, while his public record is equally good, on five different occasions representing his town in the Legislature, serving in both branches. He served on the staff of Governor Long for three consecutive years, and is now a member of Governor Greenhalge's staff. He has been a delegate to four National conventions, and there is not an office in the gift of his townsmen which would not be at his disposal were it not for his great business responsibilities. There is no man in the bicycle business more respected than Colonel Benj. S. Lovell, and no better bicycle is made in the world than the Lovell Diamond.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

Always Cures

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bad Breath, Debility, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Distress After Eating, and all evils arising from a weak or disordered stomach. It builds up from the first dose, and a bottle or two will cure the worst cases, and insure a good appetite, excellent digestion and result in vigorous health and buoyancy of spirits. There is no better way to insure good health and a long life than to keep the stomach right. Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy is guaranteed to do this. The Tranquilizing After-Dinner Drink. For sale by Druggists. Manufactured by C. O. Tyner, Atlanta.

Every Mother Should Always Have

a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Nothing so good for pain, weakness, colds and sleeplessness

Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little. recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSTON, Eufaula, Ala.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PARTRIDGE, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Always Tired

Describes a dangerous condition, because it means that the vitality is becoming exhausted by reason of impoverished blood. Give new life to the vital fluid and the nerves and muscles will grow stronger. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength, because it makes pure, rich blood. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

$1 GETS THE BEST in the world. Send to Columbian Agency, Binghamton, N.Y. Cir. free. **RAZOR**

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

★ THE BEST ★

FOOD

FOR

Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and

AGED PERSONS

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

BUSINESS TROUBLES.

ELOQUENT REV. DR. TALMAGE

Preaches a Timely Sermon on Business Cares, Trials and Temptations.

TEXT: "There were thy merchants in all sorts of things."—Ezekiel xxvii., 24.

We are at the opening door of returning National prosperity. The coming crops, the re-establishment of public confidence and, above all, the blessing of God will turn in upon all sections of America the widest, greatest prosperity this country has ever seen. But that door of success is not yet fully open, and thousands of business men are yet suffering from the distressing times through which we have been passing.

Some of the best men in the land have faltered, men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies and plead before heaven with all availing prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and beneficent institutions they have fostered will be their eulogy long after their building institutions are forgotten. Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break and will be millionaires forever. But I thought it would be appropriate to-day and useful for me to talk about the trials and temptations of our business men and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

In the first place I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it now takes three or four times as much to do business well than it once did. Once a few hundred dollars were turned into goods. The merchant could be his own storekeeper, his own salesman, his own bookkeeper. He would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come. Costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men, and when they have found the needves in such circumstances with small capital they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction. This temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard gun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. They blanched at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise and that there are Waterloos of the counter and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick. Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy and down when they wanted to sell, and unsalable goods were on the shelf and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Despondency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trudging along. I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break." The small craft that could have stood the stream is put out beyond the lighthouse on the great sea of speculation. He borrows a few thousand dollars from friends who dare not refuse him, and he goes bartering on a large scale. He reasons in this way: "Perhaps I may succeed, and if I don't I will be no worse off than I am now, for $100,000 taken from nothing, nothing remains."

Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of Western land. Some man at the East, living on a fat homestead, meets this gambler of fortune and is persuaded to trade off his estate for lots in a Western city, with large avenues, and costly palaces, and lake steamers smoking at the wharves, and rail trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper! The city has never been built nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. Well, the man goes on, stopping at no fraud or outrage. In his splendid equipage he dashes past, while the honest laborer looks up and wipes the sweat from his brow and says, "I wonder where that man got all his money?" After a while the bubble bursts. Creditors rush in. The law clutches, but finds nothing in its grasp. The men who were swindled say, "I don't know how I could have ever been deceived by that man," and the pictorials, in handsome woodcuts, set forth the hero who in ten years had genius enough to fail for $150,000!

And that is the process by which many have been tempted through limitation of capital to rush into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated. I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and rejoice when they reach the goal, but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise it is the duty of the Church of God, and the ministers of religion, and the friends of all young men, to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Again, a great many of our business men are tempted to overanxiety and care. You know that many an commercial business are overdone in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes if it only comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more means and less conscience, and if an opportunity of accumulation be neglected one hour some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss and flushed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the tide of anxiety, for this wave of worldliness dashes clear over the churches and leaves its foam on Bibles and prayer books. Men who are living on salaries or by the cultivation of the soil cannot understand the wear and tear of the body and mind to which our merchants are subjected when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men in middle life into the grave, their life dashed out against money safes. They go with their store on their backs. They trudge like camels, sweating, from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by carking cares, they are so many suicides. Oh, I wish I could to-day rub out some of these lines of care that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart, that I could give inspiration to some of these worn muscles, a desire for you to begin to take it a little easier. Do your best and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and He manages them for the best. Consider the lilies. They always have robes.

Behold the fowls of the air! They always have nests. Take a long breath. Bethink betimes that God did not make you for a pack horse. Dig yourselves out from among the hogsheads and the shelves, and in the light of the holy Sabbath day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears, and your fretfulness, and your distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content. The merchant came home from the store. There had been a great disaster there. He opened the front door and said in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined." His wife said, "I am left," and the little child threw up its hands and said, "Papa, I am here." The aged grandmother, seated in the room, said, "Then you have all the promises of God beside, John." And he burst into tears and said: "God forgive me that I have been so ungrateful! I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me!"

Again, I remark that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and home clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon, when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children and chides them and corrects their faults and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation.

The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing asked at all, it is cut off at both ends and with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head, and he starts down the street, and before the family have arisen from the table he has bound up another bundle of goods and says to the customer, "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?" A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children and giving them a drawing master and a music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly the kite and trundle the hoop and chase the ball and jump the rope with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. If you want to keep your children away from places of sin you can only do it by making your home attractive.

You may preach sermons and advocate reforms and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh, gather all charms into your house. If you can afford it, bring books and pictures and cheerful entertainments to the household. But above all teach those children, not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness; that it throws chains of gold about the neck; that it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I sympathize with the work being done in many of our cities by which beautiful rooms are set apart by our Young Men's Christian Associations, and I pray God to prosper them in all things. But I tell you there is something back of that and before that. We need more happy, consecrated, cheerful Christian homes everywhere.

Again I remark that a great many of our business men are tempted to put the attainment of money above the value of the soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money. The more you get of it the better, if it come honesty and go usefully. For the lack of it sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds it coffin in the empty bread tray, and nakedness shivers for lack of clothes and fire. When I hear a man in canting tirade against money—a Christian man—as though it had no possible use on earth and he had no interest in it at all, I come almost to think that the heaven that would be appropriate for him would be an everlasting poorhouse. While, my friends, we do admit there is such a thing as the lawful use of money—a profitable use of money—let us recognize also the fact that money cannot satisfy a man's soul; that it cannot glitter in the dark valley; that it cannot pay our fare across the Jordan of death; that it cannot unlock the gate of heaven. There are men in all occupations who seem to act as though they thought that a pack of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a title to heaven and as though gold would be a lawful tender in that place where it is so common that they make pavements out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures.

Have you ever ciphered out in the rule of loss and gain the sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" However fine your apparel, the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines strung in one carcanet. Seek after God, find His righteousness, and all shall be well here—all shall be well hereafter.

Some of you remember the shipwreck of the Central America. That noble ship had, I think, about 500 passengers aboard. Suddenly the storm came, and the surges tramped the decks and swung into the hatches, and there went up a hundred voiced death shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave. The pitching of the steamer as though it were leaping a mountain. The dismal flare of the signal rockets. The long cough of the steam pipes. The hiss of extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the wave! The steamer went not down without a struggle. As the passengers stationed themselves in rows to bail out the vessel, hark to the thump of the buckets, as men unused to toil, with blistered hands and strained muscle, tug for their lives. There is a sail seen against the sky. The flash of the distress gun is noticed; its voice heard not, for it is choked in the louder booming of the sea. A few passengers escaped, but the steamer gave one great lurch and was gone! So there are some men who sail on prosperously in life. All's well, all's well. But at last some financial disaster comes—a cyclydon. Down they go! The bottom of the commercial sea is strewn with shattered hulks. But be sure your property goes do not let your soul go. Though all else perish, save that, for I have to tell you of a more stupendous shipwreck than that which I just mentioned. God launched this world 6000 years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals, but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and He will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril. But how many shall go down will never be known until it shall be announced one day in heaven. The shipwreck of a world! So many millions saved! So many millions drowned! Oh, my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls!

There are some vegetables that can scarcely be distinguished from animals, and some animals that seem to have all the characteristics of a vegetable.

Illinois has produced in one year 325,000,000 bushels of corn, in which she leads; 50,000,000 bushels of wheat; 100,000,000 bushels of oats.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.

(EASTERN SYSTEM.)

Eastern Time at Columbia and Its North.

Northbound. April 21, 1895.		No 37, Daily	No 10 Daily	No 38 Daily
Lv. Jacksonville		5 45 p		7 00 a
Lv. Savannah		12 14 p		11 30 a
Ar. Columbia		2 45 a		3 45 p
Lv Charleston		5 30 p		
Ar Columbia		10 10 p		
Lv Augusta			10 20 p	1 40 p
" Graniteville			11 15 p	2 10 p
" Trenton			11 45 p	2 31 p
" Johnstons			12 16 a	2 45 p
Ar Columbia			2 20 a	4 20 p
Lv Columbia		3 50 a	3 50 a	4 50 p
" Winnsboro		4 49 a	4 49 a	5 52 p
" Chester		5 35 a	5 35 a	6 40 p
" Rock Hill		6 08 a	6 08 a	7 20 p
Ar Charlotte		7 00 a	7 00 a	8 0 p
" Danville		11 40 p	11 40 p	11 0 p
" Richmond		4 40 p	4 40 p	6 00 a
" Washington		9 35 p	9 35 p	6 42 a
" Baltimore		11 35 p	11 35 p	8 05 a
" Philadelphia		3 07 a	3 00 a	10 25 a
" New York		6 23 a	6 23 a	11 53 a

Southbound.		No 35 Daily	No 9 Daily	No 37 Daily
Lv. New York		12 15nt	12 15nt	4 30 p
" Philadelphia		7 20 a	7 20 a	6 55 p
" Baltimore		9 42 a	9 42 a	9 20 p
Lv. Washington		11 01 a	11 01 a	10 42 p
Lv. Richmond		1 00 p	1 00 p	12 05 a
Lv. Danville		6 10 p	6 10 p	6 45 a
Lv Charlotte		11 05 p	11 05 p	9 35 a
" Rock Hill		11 51 p	11 51 p	10 27 a
" Chester		12 25nt	12 25nt	11 08 a
" Winnsboro		1 14 a	1 14 a	11 51 a
Ar. Columbia		2 20 a	2 20 a	1 00 p
Lv. Columbia			4 30 a	1 45 p
" Johnstons			5 32 a	3 29 p
" Trenton			6 45 a	3 42 p
" Graniteville			7 18 a	4 05 p
Ar. Augusta			8 00 a	4 35 p
Lv. Columbia		6 45 a		4 20 p
Ar Charleston		1 30 a		8 40 p
Lv. Columbia		1 30 a		12 10 p
Ar. Savannah		5 46 a		4 14 p
" Jacksonville		10 30 a		9 0 p

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

HE DISCOURSES UPON THE SUBJECT OF BABIES.

He Is Much Pleased that Womankind Love Them so Much.

That was a pretty Persian rhyme which said:

"A new-born child lay crying
While all around were smiling;
An aged man was dying
And peacefully was smiling
While all around were crying."

Sir William Jones put it in better verse:

"On parent knees, a naked new-born child
Lay weeping, while all around it smiled.
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep
Calm thou mayest smile while all around thee weep."

What is more wonderful or more beautiful than the maternal instinct—what an attraction does a birth in the family have for all the sex, the women and children, girl children I mean, the men and the boys show no great concern. The babes would have a hard and perilous time if entrusted to them. Babes are born every day, every hour, by the thousand. It is the most common and universal event that concerns our humanity. It is more common than death, for more come into the world than go out it every year, and yet the excitement of a birth goes on and is a big thing with matrons and with maids. For a few days past I have sat in my veranda and ruminated, for the women come and go and the neighbors send flowers and kind messages and the girl children come to see the baby, and the tiniest one wants to hold it in her arms. Verily, it looks like this was the first and the last one that ever was born. The three great events of our life, our birth and marriage and death, are ministered to by woman. What a sad affair would either be without her presence, her care and sympathy. The wonder is that she can go through the ordeal that Providence has assigned her, and be so contented, so calm and serene. What mother ever harbors gloomy fears or forebodings about her infant child? How hopefully they look upon the future, how happy in the love of her offspring. The poet says:

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

And she is. I wish that I was as good, as true and as loving as the average mother in this land. I wish that I was as sure of heaven. Most of them have a child up there, and they still treasure every smile, every dimple, every song, and in their waking dreams realize what the poet so beautifully said:

"Oh, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the wakeful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears
An overpayment of delight?"

The maternal instinct! The never failing love of children. My wife is serenely happy now for there is another child to look after, and she moves around with her old alacrity. I used to help her with her own, but my time is out. As old man Calder said after the first battle of Manassas, "I have fit enough." I used to tote the little chap around the room sometimes half the night and sing my little song until I wore it out, and at times I felt like the tired parent who hugged his little boy to his bosom and said: "I wouldn't take a million dollars for you—no I wouldn't—but I wouldn't give a nickel for another." It is a weary business—nursing and caring for a little child. But it is a part of the bargain, and has to be done, and it has its rewards. The more the father helps with the children the better he loves them and the more they love him. The country people, as a rule, have no nurses for their children except the members of the family, and their devotion to the little helplessness is beautiful. The baby in a country home is common property. All nurse it and the father does his share when he comes from the field. Go to a country church on Sunday and see how many fathers are not ashamed to "vote the child" and keep it while preaching is going on. Why shouldn't he? It shows his love to the child and his loyalty to his wife. The average farmer has not a very wide field for his ambition. He is not seeking fame or office or riches. He has no longings for going to New York or Washington or crossing the ocean. His hope and desire is limited to his family and his farm, and he looks to God for rain and sunshine. There is no king that wears him from his wife and children nor that goes between him and them. Sometimes he takes the family to town in the big wagon, and sometimes the children go with him to the mill, and on Sundays all go to meeting, and so the weeks and months roll on—proving the truth of the poet's lines—

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound."

It is given to but few men in this world to do any great thing but all can be happy if they will be content with their humble lot. I used to envy the rich and great, but I do not now. As a general rule grief and sorrow are the perquisites of riches and of fame. Great men are rarely blessed with loving children. Not long ago one of our noblest men found himself face to face at Delmonico's with a drunken son. His mortification was intense and the lines of trouble still linger on his face. The pressure of public affairs and the constant struggle to keep up socially and politically consumed the time that should have been devoted to his children. In such cases the mother is their only safeguard. She may do all she can, but she cannot watch her boys when they get in their teens. She can live and pray and chide, but still they will stray away. It is pitiful to see the breaking of a mother's heart over a son who is on trial for his life. How closely does she cling to him when all the world is against him. I remember once a widow who sold her cow and her little furniture and then went from store to store begging for a little more money to take her to Arkansas to see her son who was in jail for murder. Her devotion saved his life, but not his liberty, and she was thankful, for she found some work near by and could visit him in his prison and comfort him with her love and blessing. What an awful thing it must be to have no one to love you, and yet there are thousands of such in the prisons of the land. Nothing was so touching in Governor Atkinson's affliction than his respite of a man who was to be hung—his tender thought while on the brink of the grave of a poor wretch who was begging for his life. Dan Voorhees once hurried to a distant state to defend a young man accused of murder, and he saved him for his widowed mother's sake, because her father had been good to him when he was young and poor. If we men do not have love in our hearts like a mother's, we honor it and respect it and admire it all the more.—BILL ARP in Atlanta Constitution.

A Ten-Inch Vermiform Appendix.

Recent anatomical investigations prove that the gorilla has a ten-inch vermiform appendix, but no mention is made as to whether that animal suffers from the fashionable complaint of appendicitis or not. The great length of the appendix would tend to disprove the supposition that in man it is an outcome of civilization and increasing in size with each generation. The opposite theory, that the useless appendage is breeding out, receives support.—New Orleans Picayune.

Nearly one-half of our voting strength in 1890 was either foreign born, American born of foreign parents or colored.

AN ACTOR KNIGHTED.

Henry Irving Receives Evidence of Queen Victoria's Favor.

The honor that was recently conferred on Henry Irving is one that his friends have long expected for him. Various explanations why he has not received it before have been made. He was born with the patronymic of Brodribb and assumed the more picturesque name of Irving for stage purposes.

As an explanation why Irving was not knighted when Augustus Harris and Arthur Sullivan had been so honored, it was said that it was contrary to precedent to dub a man a knight by any other name than that which his father had carried before him. If a popular choice for the honor had been made among English actors for the past ten years there is little doubt that it would have fallen to Irving.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

Mr. Irving went on the stage in 1856, but it was not until his appearance as Matthias in "The Bells," in 1871, that he achieved a success that placed him easily in the front ranks of his profession. Critical opinion has differed widely as to the artistic merit of Irving's Matthias, but there has never been any reason to doubt its effect on an audience. When he appeared at the Lyceum in 1873 as Richelieu he gave a performance that added to his fame, though he was severely criticized.

In 1874 Irving took the boldest step in his career, and played Hamlet at the Lyceum with an original conception of the part. The critics resolved themselves into two parties and waged a fierce battle in the public prints over the merits of Mr. Irving's Hamlet. Public opinion may still be divided on that subject, though there is no doubt that Irving has admirers enough of his Hamlet to fill his theater when he chooses to play it.

His harmonious stage management added not a little to his success. In his tours through this country he has been received with favor, and by his scholarly mind and pleasant personality he has won many friends who will rejoice with him in his new honor.

Too Many Americans.

It is not quite safe to criticise Americans in the higher circles of British society unless the critic has studied thoroughly the pedigree of those whom he addresses. So many American girls nowadays are becoming a part of the effete aristocracy of the old world! Not long ago, at a reception given in Rome at the British Embassy, an Italian baron, who was presented to the Duchess of Manchester, sighed deeply, as with relief, and said to her:

"Ah! How glad I am to get away from those Americans there! We come across them everywhere, don't we, duchess? You can't imagine how happy I am to converse with you—there is such a contrast between the manners of English and American women."

The duchess let him go on as long as he liked in this way, and then said with a gracious smile:

"Perhaps you are right, baron, but being myself an American, I am no doubt incapable of judging."

The baron wished that the floor would swallow him up, and reflected that he should have known, as every one else did, that the Duchess of Manchester was a New Yorker.

Brand New Round Game.

If you want something to wake up the company at an evening party try this: Put a dinner plate in the oven till it gets heated just enough so that it is uncomfortable to hold, and yet not hot enough to burn, of course, and put a handful of nuts, popcorn or the like on it. Then announce how the game is played, thus: Let the company sit in a circle; hand the warm plate to one of the players and say: "Have some nuts" or "Have some corn," as the case may be. The one you hand it to must bow and say: "Thank you, I will," at the same time taking a nut or kernel and passing the plate on to his neighbor with the invitation, "Have some nuts," etc. So it goes round from one to the next. Each one must say, "Thank you, I will;" take one, then take the plate; say "Have some nuts;" let the next player take one, and then hand him the plate. If a player drops any of the nuts off the plate or says anything but the words given he must pay a forfeit. Don't tell anyone that the plate is warm, and the surprises of all concerned will make lots of fun.

There were 249,273 Indians in this country at the last census.

The natives of Northern Alaska and Siberia have no knowledge of money, and tourists to that country have to exchange the same into barter goods.

Ammonia is extracted from the Thames mud, and the residuum, after the operation, is mixed with iron ore and made into brown paper.

The British Admiralty has placed orders for nine torpedo boat destroyers to make thirty knots an hour.

WISE WORDS.

Poets write few poems to their wives.

Children need muscle more than money.

Beauty may palliate poverty, but it can't pay house rent.

Women may change their minds often, but not their hearts.

A sermon should be as short as the way is narrow it preaches of.

Women are sweet, but not sweet enough to preserve secrets in.

If a man buys on credit, he does not know when he is living within his means.

Matrimony which makes the woman a plaything and the man a paymaster is wrong.

After a man has been kind several times, it is regarded as a part of his plain duty.

There is one thing every man can give without decreasing his own stock—happiness.

It is unjust and mean, but natural, for the weak to hate the strong and despise the great.

The first thing a girl does when another girl calls on her is to ask to put on her new hat.

A man in a position higher than his capacity suggests a cripple contesting with the fleet of foot.

Thoughts in the fewest words are generally more forcible than if dressed in elaborate rhetoric.

A man should give his best moments to himself; for a cultivated self is your best gift to your fellowmen.

Possessing real estate should make a man a better citizen, ownership increasing interest in public affairs.

The world means to move; make it move wrongly, there is notoriety; make it move rightly, there is celebrity.

Never under any circumstances interrupt a man who is telling of his complaints; not even if his house is on fire.

Many a man is well-to-do simply because he is too well to be done by the enterprising projector of specious projects.

A Royal Collector.

The Czar of Russia devotes a large part of his leisure to his collection of birds' eggs and postage stamps, in which he takes as keen an interest as a school boy. Many of the eggs he secured himself when a lad. He was a most daring and expert climber, and on more than one occasion he narrowly escaped death while engaged in clambering some cliff or tree in search of his treasures.

Throat Paralysis.

(From the *Courier-Herald*, Saginaw, Mich.)

It was publicly talked all over Clare County, Michigan, for some time before the *Courier-Herald* sent a reporter to Dover to fully investigate the Coulter matter. He finally went, and we publish to-day his full report. The Coulters are prominent people, though Mrs. C. in response to the question whether she objected to being interviewed, said, "Certainly not." Her story follows:

"About 14 years ago we decided to take up our abode in Dover and everything went along smoothly for several years, business progressed, and being of a saving temperament we accumulated quite an amount. Our family increased as the years rolled by and we now have 5 children living, the oldest 15, youngest 3, but sickness made its way into our household, and doctors' bills flocked upon us, until we have nothing left but our home and these sweet children. Everything went to satisfy the claims of physicians.

"About three years ago I had a miserable feeling at the back of my ears, my right hand became paralyzed and the paralysis crept to my arm and throat, and would affect my head and eyes, sometimes for days I would lose my sight, my face was bloated, lifeless as it were, my nose was drawn to one side, and I presented a pitiable appearance and never expecting to regain my natural facial expressions. I employed the best physicians that could be procured, expending thousands of dollars for their services, but could not obtain relief. At last, they stated my case was beyond the reach of medical skill, and it would be but a short time until the end would come. This certainly was not very encouraging to me, but I never gave up hope. In connection with receiving the attendance of physicians I have tried every medicine known to the apothecary but never received any relief until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People came to my assistance. Before I had taken half of the first box the deformity in my face had left me, and before four boxes had been consumed the paralysis had disappeared entirely, and much to my surprise I felt like a new woman. I have not taken any medicine since last spring, just about a year ago, and my trouble has not appeared since. I owe my health, my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"A short time since my little boy John was afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. He could not walk across the room without assistance, in fact he would fall all over himself, but after taking a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, St. Vitus' dance entirely left him, and no trace of the affliction is left. These Pills are worth their weight in gold. You may say in this connection that I am willing at any time to make affidavit to the truth of these statements, and furthermore, I will answer any communication concerning my case, as I consider it nothing more than right and just that I should assist suffering humanity."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

On the Chitral Roads.

They have narrow roads in Chitral. They are just wide enough for camels to walk in single file, and when one of his camels fell dead on the march Colonel Kelly was obliged to blow the carcass up so that the rest could pass.—New Orleans Picayune.

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Sowed Tares for Hay.

Quite a number of farmers near Cornelius, Ore., have sown tares for hay. Tares are becoming very popular with the farmers where they have been tried, making an excellent pasture for pigs and producing four or five tons of fine hay per acre.—New York Post.

Tobacco Stinking Breath.

Not pleasant to always carry around, but it don't compare with the nerve-destroying power that tobacco keeps at work night and day to make you weak and impotent. Dull eyes, loss of interest in sweet words and looks tell the story. Brace up—quit. No-To-Bac is a sure quick cure. Guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Notice.

I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 381, and one will be sent you free.

Every Cause But the Right One.

Your headache: You lay it to every cause but the true one—indigestion. So few people know what indigestion really is. Hardly know they have it. The cure is Ripans Tabules. A single one gives relief. Ask your druggist.

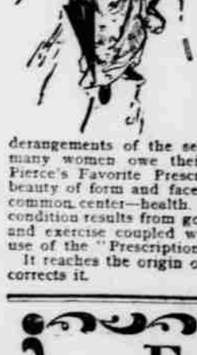
Now is the Time to Cure Your Corns

with Hindercorns. It takes them out perfectly and gives comfort. Ask your druggist. 15c.

E. A. Rood, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

There will be an enormous peach crop in the State of Washington this year.



ON THE ROAD to recovery, the young woman who is taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In maidenhood, womanhood, wifehood and motherhood the "Prescription" is a supporting tonic and nervine that's peculiarly adapted to her needs, regulating and strengthening the system and curing the derangements of the sex. Why is it so many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? Because beauty of form and face radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air and exercise coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription."

It reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

JOHNSON'S CHILL AND FEVER TONIC

Costs you 50 cents a bottle if it cures you, and not a single cent unless it does. What does it cure?

1st. Chills and Fever.
2nd. Bilious Fever.
3rd. Typhoid Fever.
4th. Hemorrhagic Fever.
5th. Dengue Fever.
6th. Measles.
7th. Neuralgia.
8th. La Grippe.

Money back if one bottle fails. Ask your dealer about it. A. B. GIRARDEAU, Savannah, Ga., Proprietor

DON'T SCRATCH

TO AVOID THIS USE **TETTERINE**

The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scaly Ground Itch, chafes, chops, chilblains, Poison from ivy or poison oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box. If your druggist don't keep it.

S. N. U.—28.

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By Ordering Your

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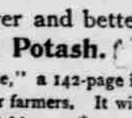

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray H